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April 1920.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER



JOAN OF ARC, WHO IS TO BE SANCTIFIED ON MAY 23 OF THIS YEAR.

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD., LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK.

"Pepper's" Discovery.

GEORGE HYDE, generally known as "Pepper" because of his fiery temper when a child, having heard from some of his classmates that the tower of the school, Ruddingham College, was haunted, resolved to investigate the mystery for himself.

The tower was considered out of bounds, so he had to watch his opportunity of getting there without being seen. At length the moment arrived. The landings were empty, and he encountered no mishap until he reached a narrow flight of stairs leading to the tower. Half-way up he stepped on a loose board, and came down with a crash.

"Hang it!" muttered "Pepper." "I believe some one's put that board there on purpose to give warning of any one's approach."

The old saying, "Set a thief to catch a thief," was in some way applicable to the youthful George. When mischief was afoot, he knew every move on the board, and the thought immediately occurred to him that the board had been laid as a sort of "booby-trap," to give warning of the approach of any one mounting the stairs. He dashed on up the ascent. There was a shuffle, and on trying the door he found it was wedged at the bottom.

After a few moments there was a slight noise, as though some one had warily drawn the bolt which fastened the door. The watcher sprang forward, and the next moment was inside the tower.

To find that the place was empty

gave him a start; nevertheless, he felt certain that a moment before some one had been there.

Glancing round, his sharp eyes quickly noted two things which quickened his curiosity. With the sun beating down upon the roof, the place was very hot, and two windows had been opened to admit a draught of air. Even if this had not been done within the last half-hour, it showed that some one had been there, for he remembered that all the windows were closed when he had looked up from the playground before he ascended.

What, in the second place, attracted his attention were some chips of wood scattered upon the floor, as though some one had been carpentering with a pocket-knife.

"I'm *sure* some one's been here," muttered the small boy. "Where can they have gone?"

Granting that the first supposition was correct, the question was decidedly a difficult one to answer. Unless they had possessed some supernatural power of turning at a moment's notice into thin air, where *had* they gone? Hyde glanced at the packing-cases: no one could possibly have got inside either of them, not even the smallest youngster in the school. Pondering deeply, he took hold of one of the boxes and moved it out into the centre of the floor. As he did so, a ray of light seemed to penetrate what had hitherto been shrouded in mystery.

Low down in the wainscoting, and hitherto concealed by the case, was a small door which evidently served as a manhole to give access to the roof.

Here, certainly, was a second exit from the tower ; but even then “Pepper” did not see how any one could have gone through the trap without moving the box.

Stepping forward, he gave the little door a shove with his foot. It opened inwards, the lower half of his leg went through, and before he could recover himself his boot was seized by two hands, while out of the darkness a sepulchral voice remarked,—

“All right, young ‘Pepper.’ Now I’ll lick you !”

The attack was in every way so astonishing and unexpected that George lost his balance and fell on the floor. As he did so a boy scrambled through the opening and sat down on the intruder’s stomach.

“I say, get off, Miller !” exclaimed the youngster, endeavouring to wriggle from under his assailant, who was head and shoulders taller than himself. “Get off !” he pleaded ; “you’re sitting on my d-i-n-n-e-r !”

“If the pudding at your table was the same as at ours, it’ll bear sitting on,” remarked the other in soothing tones.

“It won’t ! Oh, you cad ! Get up !”

Miller was jogging up and down with the bumping motion peculiar to a military seat in riding.

“Oh, you beast !” gasped the unfortunate youngster ; “you’re knocking my wind out.”

Miller left off bumping, and allowed his victim to rise, at the same time grasping him firmly by both wrists.

“There, you little sneak, I’ll teach

you to come about prying and poking your nose in where you aren’t wanted !”

Once on his feet “Pepper” assumed a bolder tone, knowing very well that the bigger boy was not a bully.

“Oh, shut up, Miller ! I didn’t know you were here. Besides, I’ve got as much right to be in the tower as you have.”

The assertion seemed to strike Miller as only fair and just ; he let go his hold and sat down upon a box. He was a curious-looking fellow—big-boned and lanky, with gray eyes and dark hair, and a face the ever-varying expression of which made it a strange mixture of mirth and solemnity ; at one moment inscrutable as a stone image, the next alive with merriment. At Ruddingham he had long been recognized as a “character :” with no particular chum, he was friendly with everybody ; and though a notorious loafer, he was tolerated by the sporting element, who had in a way grown to regard his shortcomings as the waywardness of genius. In his desk books lay buried beneath a litter of string, corks, screws, nails, engine castings, fragments of clock-work, and mysterious odds and ends of metal. He was always making something, and seemed to prefer working with his own quaint tools, and in odd corners, to receiving regular instruction in the carpenter’s shop.

At the present moment it was apparent that he had some job in hand, for there were chips of wood still adhering to his waistcoat.

“I say, how did you hide away like that ?” asked “Pepper” eagerly. “And how did you fasten the door ?”

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"Oh, come, man!" cried the youthful George reassuringly; "we're both out of bounds. If you won't say anything, I won't."

Miller laughed; he was rather fond of Hyde, and knew him to be staunch as steel.

"Will you promise not to tell any one else?"

"Of course."

"Well," continued Miller, producing from his pocket a long string, to the end of which was fastened a piece of wood, "I stick this wedge under the door, and no amount of pushing on the outside will force it open. That board on the stairs gives me warning if any one's coming, and I scoot down into the roof, and pull that case back into its place. You can do it easily enough, because the door of the trap opens inwards. I arrange the cord so that I can pull away the wedge and draw it after me; there's just enough room left for it to come round the case, and people simply think the door's stuck."

"But supposing some one smelt a rat, and waited about all the afternoon?"

"Why, then they'd wait for nothing, because I go down the other way."

"The other way?" exclaimed George Hyde, much mystified. "I didn't know there was one."

"Pooh!" returned Miller, seemingly rather pleased at describing his plans and arrangements to an admiring and sympathetic listener. "You think I'd run the risk every time I come here of being caught prowling

about on the bedroom staircase? Not likely! You know in the other wing of the house there's a little den up on the top landing for fellows who learn the fiddle to practise in? Well, it has a manhole opening into the roof. Ward, the man, often goes up to do something to the water-tank, and there's a pair of steps left in the corner on purpose for him to use."

"Do you learn the violin?" asked George.

"Yes, rather!" replied the other, with a smile. "Would you like me to play at the breaking-up concert?"

"For any sake, don't!" answered George. "The speeches are bad enough."

Miller laughed. "Well, that's how I come up here," he continued; "and I've never been caught yet. Some kid came up the other day, though. I stuck a card covered with luminous paint in the window to catch the sunlight, and stupidly left it there; so I suppose this youngster saw it shining after dark, and wondered what it was."

"But supposing any one else *did* go up and practise the violin," said "Pepper," as though such a supposition were quite beyond the range of possibility, "how would you get down?"

"Oh, wait till they'd gone, or if necessary scoot down the front way for once, and risk it. You see, it's like a rabbit burrow with two holes: if the ferret comes in at one you can bolt out from the other."

Young George was for a moment struck dumb with envious admiration.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. "How

ripping! I’ll get my people to let me learn the fiddle next term.”

“Oh, you can come up without that. The music den isn’t out of bounds. Say you want young Watson; he’s sure never to be there.”

“But what do you do when you are here?”

“Lots of things,” answered Miller. “This is my workshop. Fellows don’t come bothering you and interfering with your things. I’m making a musical box.”

“Oh, let me see, there’s a good chap!”

“Pepper” had always displayed a lively interest in his schoolfellow’s many inventions, and for that reason was now privileged with the latter’s confidence. Miller went over to one of the larger packing-cases, which had apparently lain there untouched for years, and raising the lid, revealed the hidden stock-in-trade of numerous hobbies.

The bottom of the case was littered with sundry tools and bits of scrap metal, and from the centre of this heap of odds and ends Miller produced what at first sight seemed nothing but an ordinary cigar-box.

“I bought the inside of the thing second-hand,” explained the workman. “It isn’t a very big one, and the case was all smashed, so I’ve been putting it in this box. There’s something wrong with it still: I think the spring’s rusty. I’ve wound it up, but the beggar won’t start.”

“Pepper” was deeply interested. “Gee up!” he cried, giving the box a vigorous shake. “Get along, will you?”

“*Tinkle—tang!*” responded the box, and once more relapsed into silence.

“There you are!” exclaimed the delighted juvenile. “It’ll go all right. All you’ve got to do is to keep on shaking it!”

Miller looked doubtful. “It ought to go without that,” he answered.

“Well, perhaps if you shook it through one tune it would play the next of its own accord,” answered George hopefully. “Lend it to me for a bit, and I’ll see what I can do.”

“Well, take care of it,” answered the owner; “and don’t shake it too much, or it’ll come to pieces. We’d better be getting down now,” he added, glancing at his watch; “the bell will ring directly. Come along: we’ll go under the roof; only mind where you step.”

An hour later work was in full swing, and George stood with about twenty other young gentlemen, who formed a wide circle round the board in the Lower Fourth classroom, while Mr. Purvis laboured away for their benefit with a book in one hand and a stick of chalk in the other. It was a close, sultry afternoon. The weather seemed to have made the scholars more stupid than usual; and the master, in despair, had called them up to attempt a solution of their difficulties.

“Now, can you see,” wailed Mr. Purvis, “that if a man rows at the rate of x miles an hour in still water, and if he be rowing on a stream that runs at the rate of y miles an hour, $x+y$ will represent his rate *down* stream? D’you understand?”

"Yes, sir," murmured the class.

"Well, that being the case, what would represent his rate *up* stream?"

There was a silence.

"What! can nobody tell me?"

The only answer was a curious, muffled sound, as though some one were playing on a piece of stretched elastic. *Ter-r-ring!*

"Be quiet there! What would be his rate *up* stream?—Blair, you tell me."

"Please sir, $x+y$."

"You're not paying the least attention. I tell you $x+y$ is his rate *down* stream."

Tinkel—tankel—tink!

Mr. Purvis turned round in a rage.

"Who made that silly noise?" he cried. There was a murmur of injured innocence, and boys stared inquiringly at their neighbours. A close observer might have noticed an uneasy expression on George Hyde's face and a rather wild look in his eye. He alone knew where the sound came from: away in his desk, at the back of the room, Miller's musical box seemed to have suddenly made up its mind to commence running down.

"Don't let me hear that again," continued the master. "If I take the trouble to explain this, I want every one's attention fixed on the board. If the man's rate *down* stream is $x+y$, what will be his rate rowing *up*?—Wursley, you tell us."

Wursley was a heavy-looking lout, who stood a head taller than his companions; he put on his considering cap, knit his podgy face, and after a moment's hard thinking, answered, "Please, sir, $-xy!$ "

Terr-r-rang! ter-r-rang! ter-inkle! tinkle, tankle, tinkle, tink!

Just as some lofty and courageous remark uttered by a stage hero is emphasized by a flourish from the orchestra, so Wursley's senseless answer was followed by another outbreak on the part of the musical box.

Mr. Purvis flung down chalk and duster, and turned round thoroughly angry.

"What boy made that noise?" he cried. "Come, I'm not going to stand this any longer. If you don't answer at once, I'll send you all back to your seats, and we'll do this tomorrow after twelve."

"Please, sir," said some one, "it sounds like something in one of the desks."

"In whose desk?"

"I believe it's in mine," faltered the unhappy George. "It's a musical box. It isn't my fault, sir; it's working of its own accord."

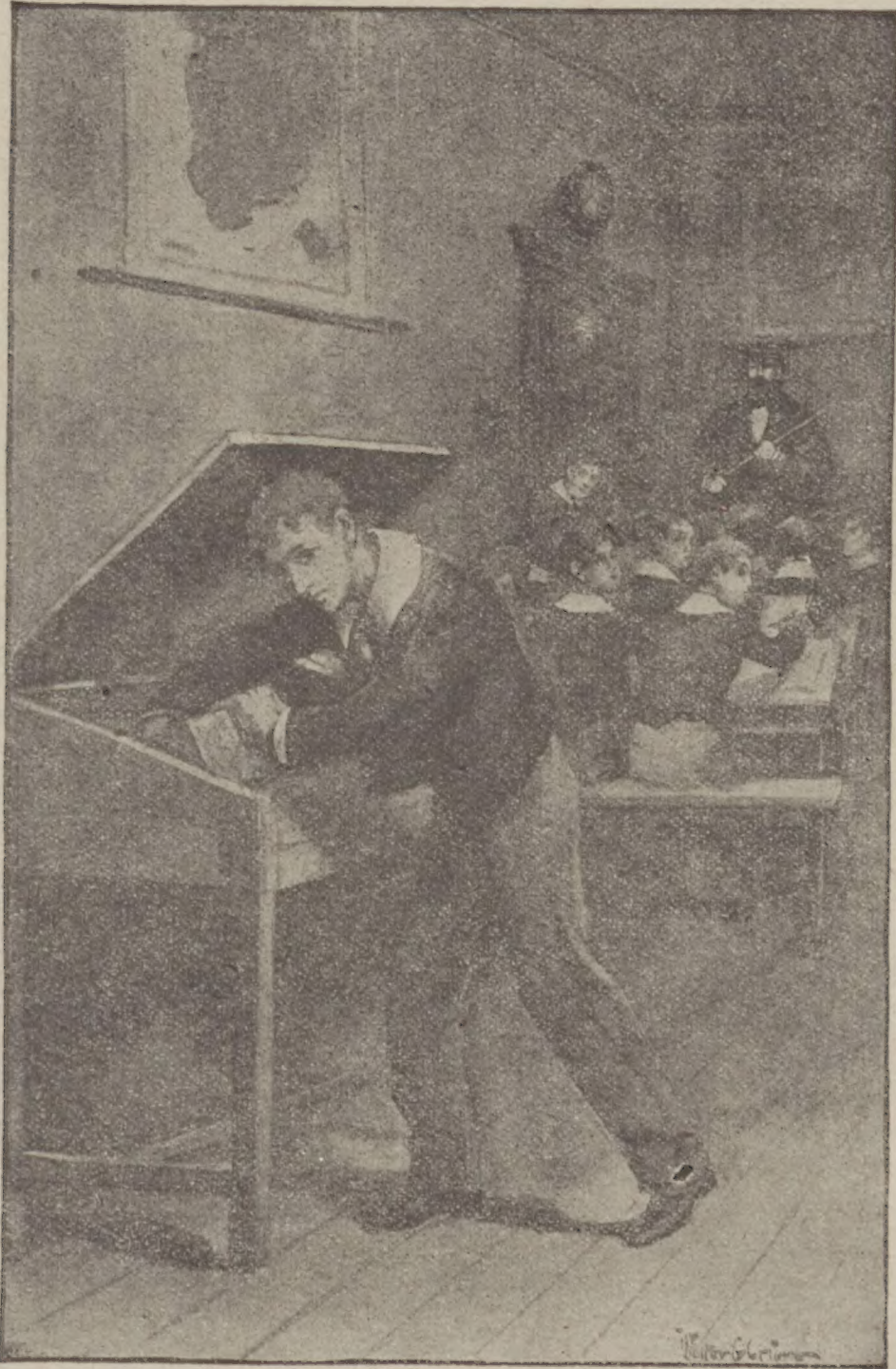
"Bring it here, sir, at once!"

Flushing crimson, and amid the giggles of his classmates, "Pepper" went back and produced the cigar-box. A quarter of an hour's vigorous shaking had certainly done it good, and now as he bore it up the room it suddenly played about four bars of a lively air, ending abruptly with a sound resembling the far-off smash of a window-pane.

"You young donkey!" cried the irate Mr. Purvis. "You set this thing to go off on purpose. Very funny, isn't it, to interrupt the whole class with such silly nonsense. I shall put you down for an hour's detention."

“Pepper” expostulated; the class laughed.

to its close, as long days do in after life. The bell rang for dismissal, and



“Silence!” commanded the master, and went on with the algebra.

The weary afternoon dragged through

when the rest of the class had passed on into the passage, “Pepper” stood as a suppliant before the master’s desk.

"Please, sir, it was quite an accident. The wretched thing went off of its own accord. Mayn't I have it back?"

"No, certainly not."

"Oh, but please, sir, it's not mine. Another fellow lent it me, and I promised to give it back."

"Whose is it, then?"

"Pepper" thought about the workshop in the tower, and he remained silent.

Some one had discovered that the man's rate up stream was $x-y$, the thundercloud had long since cleared from Mr. Purvis's brow, and his day's work was finished.

"Oh, well, take your precious box," he answered, "and tell whoever owns it to do something to it to prevent

its going off in schooltime again. And, look here, if it really was an accident I'll cross off that hour."

"Oh, *thank* you, sir!" cried George, and grabbing at the musical box, he rushed off to restore it to its rightful owner, and at the same time favour him with a lively account of its misbehaviour in class.

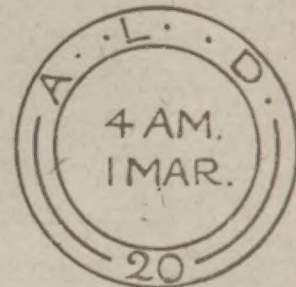
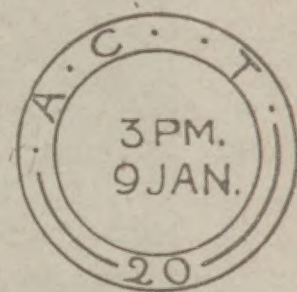
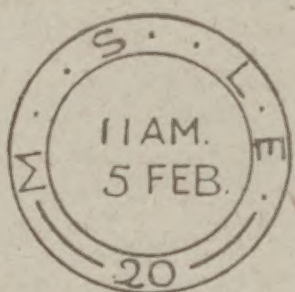
Miller laughed till his sides ached.

"And didn't you tell him whose it was?" he inquired.

"No, rather not! I thought he'd find out about the tower."

"Well, now, that was jolly decent of you, young 'Pepper,'" was the answer. "And I won't forget it either. Here—have an acid drop."

Postmark Competition.



The Postmarks above indicate the names of six towns. The Editor offers two prizes for the two most correct and the neatest answers. This competition is open to all ages up to sixteen.

The Pillar of Fire.

THE STORY OF MOSES AND HIS TIMES.

BY ROY DAWSON, M.A. (OXON.).

CHAPTER XI.

THE RED SEA.

AT Succoth Moses marshalled his great straggling army, and marched them forward; and after some days' march they came within sight of the sea. They were on the western shores of the Red Sea; on their flank lay the great desert.

There that huge multitude of men, women, and children made their camp. With them were their herds of cattle and vast stores of provisions. Nearly every woman had quantities of Egyptian jewels and rich stuffs in her tent. It must have been an extraordinary scene of confusion and wild joy and excitement.

But a general would have said it was a strange place for an army to make its camp. Moses himself knew well the dangers of the position; he had learnt his soldiering in the best army in the world. It was easy to see that a great stretch of water was cutting off their advance. The bay at their feet was an arm of shallow water. To the south were the lower waters of the Red Sea, which Moses knew were at times acted upon by strong tides. Between the two stretched shallows, right across to the Arabian coast. An ebb tide would leave these shallows almost bare. The people of Memphis told stories of exceptional tides at this place, which actually did leave a

causeway exposed across the sea to the other side. As Moses stood there on the hillside he would remember those stories. Did he count upon that shallow causeway being exposed? Did he believe that God had sent them there just at the time when a strong ebb tide would make a road for them to safety? Yes, that is what Moses did believe. He believed that he and his army were being led by God. As he expressed it himself in one of his wonderful poems, they were led by a "pillar of fire by night, and a pillar of cloud by day." He didn't think that things happened "by accident," any more than our ancestors believed that the storm that destroyed the great Spanish Armada was an accident. They quoted Moses' own words when they carved that famous inscription on Drake's tomb: "He blew with His wind, and they were scattered!" Moses knew that all would be well.

But all of a sudden a great cry arose from the camp. Across the sandy hills of the desert an Egyptian army was seen coming! Menepthah had sent his famous cavalry after them. No wonder the people were afraid. Those poor slaves knew nothing of soldiering; the camp was full of women and children; what possible chance had they of escaping the splendid regiments of the Egyptians? But they had a great leader. Moses was perhaps the greatest general of the old world. He at once quieted the people. He was like a rock, so convinced was he that a way would be found for them. And before the enemy reached them darkness fell

over the desert. It was light over the camp, and Moses drew up his trembling forces and marched them in good order to the seashore. A strong south-east wind had begun to blow, drying before it the shallow waters of the bay ; and as they all stood there on the shore the strong ebb tide set in, and the Israelites saw the lower waters flowing fast away southward. Right across to the coast of Arabia a narrow

the escaped slaves and their leader safely in a trap. But now they saw that the Israelites were actually escaping them. Without waiting for orders, the war chariots and horsemen dashed furiously after the fugitives. They never stopped to think of the danger. The tide was already on the turn. A big storm was brewing. The heavy chariot wheels stuck fast in the shifting sand and ooze, and as the storm



causeway appeared. It was the way of escape for them ! The Israelites eagerly took it. The whole multitude marched over the soft, sandy causeway, and in a few hours Moses had led them all—men, women, children, beasts, and baggage—safe to the opposite shore.

It was then that the Egyptian soldiers first realized what had happened. They had halted for a time in the darkness ; they thought they had

broke in all its fury the waters steadily flowed back over the causeway.

It was too late to escape. The whole Egyptian army was overwhelmed. The Israelites on the other shore watched the tide sweep over the great chariots, and heard the cry of the heavily-armoured soldiers as they sank in the waters. Then it was that they realized what God had done for them. They were safe and in a new

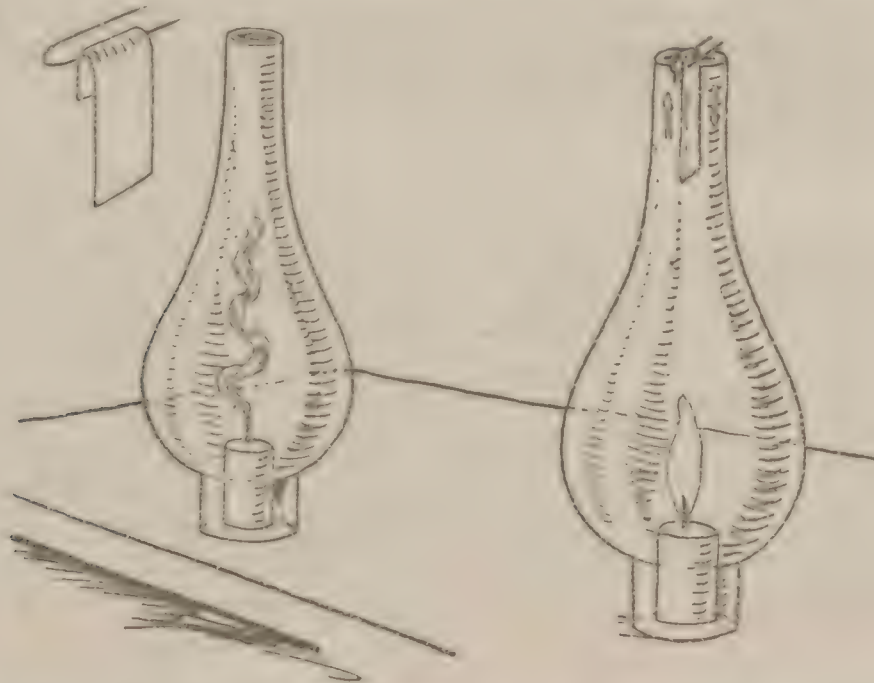
land; the "land of bondage" lay behind them, and they were free!

Moses drew up his army, and together they sang a great hymn of thanksgiving. The chorus was taken up by the women with their musical instruments, led by Miriam, Moses' sister. The words were composed by the great leader himself:—

"Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea!"

The Candle in the Lamp Shade.

TO protect a candle flame from the wind, a lamp shade is placed round it as it stands on the table. After a few seconds the flame gets faint, and finally goes out. This is due to the accumulation of the products of combustion in the lower part of the region occupied by the candle; the oxygen is used up, and



Motto for April.

Think, Love, Act, and Trust.

Four things a man must learn to do,

If he would make his record true—

To think without confusion clearly;

To love his fellow-men sincerely;

To act from honest motives purely;

To trust in God and heaven securely.

J. VAN DYKE.

Sent in by IAN AIRD,
Hollybank, St. Ninian's Road,
Corstorphine,

to whom a book prize has been awarded.

the air becomes vitiated. How may this be prevented?

One obvious way is to provide openings below, say, by resting the shade on two matches, so as to create a draught of pure air entering below, and passing up to take the place of the heated gases escaping above.

But the same purpose may be effected in another way. Take a strip of cardboard of width equal to the diameter of the glass shade at its

upper end, hook it round a wire (for example, a small hairpin), and insert it in the top of the shade so as to divide the space into two equal parts. The cardboard should hang down about two inches. When the shade is now placed round the candle, the flame will continue to burn with a clear light. This is due to the fact that fresh air descends down the one side of the card, while the vitiated air ascends up the other side, and by means of this steady circulation the conditions of combustion are maintained.

To make sure that no air sifts in below the glass, it might be set along with the candle on a plate containing a little water.

This experiment is a good illustration of the effect of heat in causing convection—that is, in producing currents of ascending hot air and descending cool air. The existence of these currents in the present case may be demonstrated by holding a lighted match first at the one and then at the other side of the cardboard.

Salt.

WHEN we wish to say that a person is worth very little, we often say, "He is not worth his salt." And certainly it does not cost much to keep a person in salt, so that a person not worth his salt is very worthless indeed.

Why is it that salt is so cheap? Is it because it is not good for much? By no means, for salt is one of the

most precious things in all the world, since we should all become diseased if there were no salt for us to eat.

Salt is cheap because it is plentiful, and we ought to be thankful that it is so plentiful. Salt is found in the sea, in salt lakes and springs, and in vast solid masses underground.

We could get salt from sea-water by boiling off the water, when the salt would be left behind, and in some countries salt is prepared in this way.

But in our country, where so much solid salt is to be found underground, we prepare our salt from the solid rock-salt and not from the water of the ocean. Cheshire is our great salt county. Thousands of tons of salt lie underground there, ready to be brought up for our use.

You think, perhaps, that men dig the rock-salt out of the earth, somewhat as they dig out the coal. And at Cracow in Poland, where there is more rock-salt than anywhere else in the world, there are vast mines where salt is dug out.

But we have a better and an easier way. A hole is dug deep down into the earth, and water is run into the hole. What does the water do to salt? You know it dissolves it.

And after the water has remained in the earth for some time, it is pumped out, and the brine, as the salt water is called, is boiled to get rid of the water, and so the salt is obtained. But it has to be made pure before it is fit for us to use.

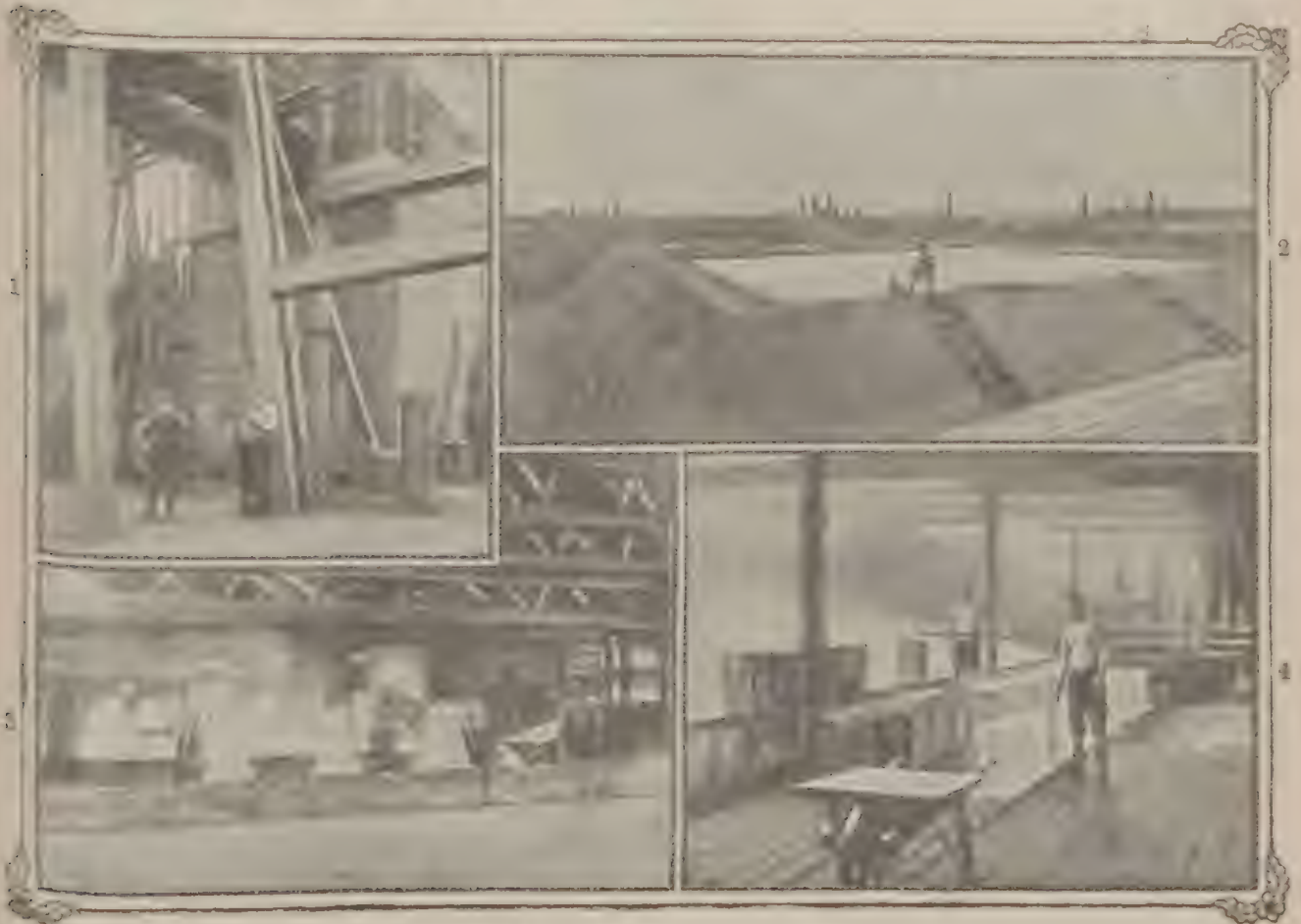
At Nantwich, in Cheshire, the salt has been pumped out so much that the ground is quite hollow underneath.

Often the houses sink below the level of the ground and are half buried.

You must not think that rock-salt is white, like the salt you have on your table. It is reddish brown, and looks more like a stone than salt. Still, if you put your tongue to it, you soon

meat, and other kinds of food? You may think it is to make them nice to the taste, but that is not what your mother will say. She will tell you that the salt keeps the butter and meat from getting bad.

So you see that, if being worth 'one's



SALT MANUFACTURE.

1. Brine pumps. 2. Reservoir. 3. Removing salt from evaporating pans. 4. Making square or block salt. (Photos by G. Hulse.)

find that it really is salt, and not stone at all.

Animals like salt just as much as we do. Farmers put lumps of salt for their cattle to lick, and wild animals will come long distances to a place where there is salt that they may lick it.

Why do we put salt in butter and on

salt means doing as much good as salt does, it means being worth very much indeed.

Golden Text for the Month.

Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.—ACTS ii. 38.

Jacko.

JACKO was a monkey, whose funny tricks caused much amusement and not a little trouble.

He was a pretty little fellow. His bright eyes sparkled like diamonds from beneath his deep-set eyebrows.



His teeth were as white as pearls, and you may be sure that he did not forget to show them.

Once, having arrived at a hotel, he was put in a little closet to be out of mischief.

But he soon got loose. He made his way to the knife-house, and tried his hand at cleaning knives; but he tried to clean the handles on the board, and a cut was found in the middle of his hand the next day.

He next set to work to clean the shoes. He covered a shoe all over with blacking—sole and all. And all that was left of the blacking he emptied into the inside of the shoe, nearly filling it.

A day or two after, when the servants returned from the parlour into the kitchen, they found that Jacko had arranged all the candlesticks in the fender, in front of the fire, as he had seen them do.

Finding the blacklead, he took a bowl of water, wetted it, and was hard at work rubbing the table with it, when he was caught in the act. He at once ran to his closet, trying to look as though nothing had happened.

One day he saw his mistress washing some lace. He wanted to help, but was told he could not, and was sent away. He entered the next-door house by a window. Here he opened two drawers, and took from them a heap of lace, ribbons, and handkerchiefs.

He threw all these things into a pan, and poured in all the soap and water he could find. Then he began to wash away, and was very happy. When caught, he was spreading out the torn garments on a chair to dry. He knew he was doing wrong, so he hid himself in the clock-case in the kitchen of his own house, which was his constant hiding-place in time of trouble.

*THE SERIAL STORY.*Smugglers' Island and the
Devil Fires of San Moros.*BY CLARISSA A. KNEELAND.*

CHAPTER IV.

TAMING THE BURRO.

THE fencing-in of High-Tide Pool certainly marked a new period in the life on the Island. It was the first work of any size, and its completion gave assurance of food for many days to come without spending all their time in the securing of it.

Afterwards Marian bent her energies on the fishline to the exclusion of everything else till it was finished. It took the two extra hairpins to fasten the hook and line together satisfactorily; but Marian did not grudge hairpins nor time nor labour when she saw how eager the fish of High-Tide Pool seemed to be to attach themselves to that amateurish-looking implement. She thought the fence she had built probably served, to some extent, to screen out the smaller fish that would otherwise have provided breakfasts and luncheons for those she had imprisoned. At any rate, their appetites seemed to be excellent, anything was acceptable as bait, and Delbert was now and then successful in spearing one.

They worked another day on the banana-patch, thinning it out and letting in the sunlight, and another in dragging more brush up to the Cave

to shade and shelter it, and in carrying up more dried banana leaves for their bed.

Then Marian said she was ready to go on an exploring expedition.

So far they had gone no great way from the end of the Island where they had landed, but now she decided the time had come to learn more of their locality. Some of the bananas were ripe—that is, they were soft and could be eaten. They could take them along for lunch.

Delbert was a little afraid some one might come while they were gone, but Marian had a lead-pencil in her work-bag, and with it she wrote on a smooth piece of driftwood a brief account of their predicament, which she left in a prominent position near the tree their signal flag flapped on. To make assurance doubly sure, they put another signal flag by the side of the notice.

Not being sure that they could find water on all parts of the Island, Marian thought it would be safest to carry some with them, but the only thing she had to carry it in was the two-quart Mason jar that had held Davie's milk. They would take Mr. Cunningham's pail, too, and the spear and lariat and hatchet. It seemed to Marian that that was all they would need, but Davie was very sure the dig-spoon would be indispensable, so he carried that also.

They went along on top of the hill where Delbert had set his traps. It was very rocky at first, but became more even and level, with fewer rocks, and more open and grassy. There was an abundance of thorny brush,

but no trees of any size worth mentioning. This portion of the Island they used afterwards to refer to as the pasture. Beyond it the thorny tangle became thicker again, and here were more rocks. Indeed, the farther end of the Island fell quite precipitously to the water without any sandy beaches; but they could make their way down well enough, and most of the way could follow the shoreline without wading.

The Island was fairly uniform in shape, and it looked to Marian as if it had been broken as a whole from the mainland ages back, the sides there being very steep and precipitous, as was the shore of the mainland opposite. The little harbour did not seem to extend very far, and no vessel of any size could have picked her way through behind the Island.

The seaward side contained various little bays and coves, very fascinating to explore, but only one of these was of any size. This lay in such a relation to the tides and currents that it gathered more of the flotsam and jetsam of the sea than any or all of the others, and when its treasure possibilities were realized it was named Bonanza Cove.

These details were not all learned in one day's exploration, but little by little as day after day they searched and learned.

Always supreme above all other motives was the search for food.

Every plant or root or berry that they knew to be edible they eagerly seized upon, and Marian was constantly warning them lest they should

grow careless in their selection and suffer thereby.

One day they found the burros all down by the water-hole on the landlocked side of the Island. They had seen them before, about a dozen in number, but had not paid much attention to them. They were grazing peacefully on the outskirts of the banana-patch, and the children were quick to notice that the herd had been increased by one in the last day or two, a silky-looking little fellow with that peculiarly fascinating quality that only a baby burro has.

In glee they ran toward them, but though the burros seemed to be not at all wild, they plainly did not mean to permit any actual handling, and skilfully evaded all attempts in that direction. After several ineffective attempts to round up the woolly baby, the children stopped to rest and regain their breath, and the four-legged infant sidled up to his mother and proceeded to lunch.

Suddenly Marian turned to her brother. "Delbert," she said, "can you lasso that old burro as he stands there?"

"Reckon I could if I tried. What do you want of her?"

"See that baby there fairly guzzling down the milk, and look at our baby here without a spoonful all these days. Don't you suppose that old mother burro has more than that little fellow really needs in his business? Anyway, if he had to go a little short he could make it up on grass."

"O—oh!" ejaculated the boy—"burro's milk? Why, Marian, it wouldn't be good."

"Indeed, my dear child, burro's milk is a regular article of commerce in some places, just as cow's and goat's milk is in others."

"Anyway," reflected Delbert, "if we didn't tell him, Davie wouldn't know but what it was all right. Milk is milk to him; he wouldn't care."

"Of course not," said Marian briskly; "you older children might object to it, but it won't make any difference to him whether he shares with a baby burro or a baby calf. You just get a good loop over her head, and we'll try this thing out."

As a matter of fact, getting a loop over the mother's head was the easiest part of the business. Delbert soon accomplished that, but Madame Burro had no intention whatever of standing still and being milked. Indeed, she developed quite surprising activity, and it was only after at least an hour of patient labour that Marian was able to secure a few spoonfuls of milk in the tin cup which the little girls brought down from the Cave.

"Now, then," said Marian, "the thing we have got to do is to secure the baby. If we keep him tied here, his mother will stay around, and we can try her again in the morning; but if he is turned loose with her, we may not be able to get near them again."

"But we have only one rope, and if I take it off her she will take him right away now," said Delbert. "Let's keep her tied up, I should say."

"Well, tie her up till morning. Then we can think of some other way to do. It will not do to keep her tied

all the time, for then we should have to feed her."

As they ate supper they discussed ways and means. They could make palm-leaf ropes that would do very well to tie the little one with, but that did not seem to be as convenient as Marian wanted. Finally they decided to make a little corral to keep the baby in. Then he could nibble at weeds and grass, and could not reach his mother except when Marian chose, and she could thus have a better chance to secure a ration for Davie. The corral would have to be pretty solid and secure, she thought, or the old burro might tear it down; still, it would not have to be quite as compact as the fence that had been built at High-Tide Pool.

They went to work at it the next morning. A little of the old stone wall was still solid enough to serve, but most of it was badly tumbled down, and they did not seem able to do much at building it up again. The banana-patch could be used as one side—it was so thick nothing would try to go through it—and a couple of palms could be utilized as fence-posts. There were several nondescript bushes that could be worked in too. The banana stalks they had already cut down could be used as building-material, and more could be cut. They were soft and thornless, which was an advantage; also every stalk they cut out improved the patch by giving those remaining a better chance to grow and mature fruit. The hatchet was getting pretty dull, but Marian managed to hack off a

number of slender stakes, which she set in the ground in pairs just far enough apart to lay a banana stalk in between; and these stalks all averaged about the same size, and were piled one above the other to the top of the stakes, which were then tied together with banana-leaf stems.

The old pile of poles was overhauled. Part of them were so worm-eaten that they fell apart in Marian's hands, but some were of a different kind of wood and were still solid. These were built into the fence as children build corn-cob houses, and Marian was only sorry there were so few of them. For part of it they used brush, but that was not so easily handled as the bananas or poles because of the thorns. The corral was not finished in one day nor in two, and when it was finished it showed half a dozen styles of fence-pattern and had no particular shape, but was, nevertheless, very satisfactory, as it would hold the little one in and keep the old one out.

The little burro was easily driven into it, and then the old one was turned loose. She grazed about during the day, and when milking-time came Delbert could easily lasso her. Then, with much labour and great tying of legs and an abundance of help from the children in holding of the same, Marian would get Davie's little portion of milk. Then the four-legged baby was allowed to have what remained, after which he was engineered back into the corral.

In the morning the same performance was gone through. During the

day the mother and baby could rub noses through that part of the corral that had been made of poles, and in the course of time they both became so tame that the little one was a pet and a playmate for the children, and the old one offered but little objection to sharing with Davie, who used to sit on the top rail of the fence and watch the milking with wide eyes that let no detail of the performance escape him.

He was very generous, too, considering the small amount of milk he received, and would offer to share with the others; they would all take a sip, even Marian, to encourage his unselfish impulses, and, as Delbert said, for politeness' sake.

(To be continued.)

Brave Boy Ben.

(Try to read this quickly.)

BOISTEROUS Beatrice broke beautiful bric-à-brac; but Beatrice's brother Ben bought barrells.

Bracing breezes blew boats bearing Ben's bric-à-brac by Bensonhurst. But blizzards belated bold, brave Ben. Boylike, Ben blamed blustering blasts, but blinked blindly.

Bang! boomed Bensonhurst bell buoy blocking Ben's bow. Bah! boldly bragged Ben. Boys' bravery borders bravado. Ben's brimming boat barely breasted big, brutal breakers. Ben's breast burned because bills become big. Behaving badly benefits beleaguered boys.

Bang! Breakers buried Ben's boat. By-gones better be by-gones.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 80. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing* and *neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Aunt Mary," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers will be received later than April 15.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for April.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested *not to enclose* stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.

In each Competition the Editor offers three prizes.

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write a paper (not to exceed 300 words) on *Should the Turk be allowed to remain in Europe?* State clearly your reasons for the side you adopt.

GEOGRAPHICAL DIAMONDS.

A part of Friday; a girl's name; a state; an exclamation; at each side of a certain state in the middle west of U.S.A.

In May; an arch; nimble; a western state; a visible vapour; the last of anything; at both ends of America.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

Make a drawing (a little larger) of the picture on page 1 of cover, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Write a short story on Easter and what it means to Christendom.

For Children under Twelve only.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION.

Tell in your own words the story of *Salt*, on p. 72.

DROPPED LETTER PUZZLE.

T.e.e .a. a .o.l. m.l.e. .n.e .i.e. .n .h.
r.v.r .e..

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

Make a drawing of a few tulips, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Tell in your own words the story of the Ascension of Jesus.

For Children under Ten only.

Write a letter to Aunt Mary telling her about your Easter holidays.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

Make a drawing of a toy drum and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

MOTTO COMPETITION.

The Editor invites all to enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for February.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

1. Elsie Mair, Gladstone House, Inverurie.
2. Dorothy Weldon, "Glen-Dara," Cliftonville Road, Belfast. 3. Nettie Henderson, Featherhall, St. John's Road, Corstorphine.

Honourable Mention.—Ivy Furlong, "Brynamlwg," The Avenue, Carmarthen; Elizabeth Stevens, 146 Lauriston Place, Edinburgh; Isabel Hendry, 92 N. Brown Street, Broughty Ferry; Margaret Gray, South Stonyholm, Kilbirnie.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER'S PUZZLE.

1. James Stephenson, 79 Eastbourne Avenue, Gateshead-on-Tyne. 2. Norman Brown, "Bron-greye," Cyprus Avenue, Bloomfield, Belfast. 3. Gilbert Lawrie, 29 Bury New Road, Prestwick.

Honourable Mention.—Kenneth Davidson, 7 High Street, Maybole; David Martyn, Wellshot Drive, Cambuslang; Eileen Brann, Ballyeaston, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim; Annie Woodrow, Oakhurst, Dhu Varren, Portrush; Olive Shaw, 158 Lisburn Road, Belfast.

The correct answer was: 259½ feet.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A).

1. Bessie Wilson, 21 Wallace Street, Stirling.
2. Gertrude Fisher, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt. 3. Gwendoline Bickerton, 126 Magdalen Road, Cowley Road, Oxford.

Honourable Mention.—Mazoura Flockhart, 81 Brunstane Road, Joppa; Betty Stevens, 146 Lauriston Place, Edinburgh; Connie Watling, Burnside, Eastbourne, Midhurst; Freda Lethbridge, Church Girls' School, Totnes.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

1. Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton. 2. George Brown, Doesgate Farm, Bulphan, near Romford. 3. Evelyn Ince, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Doris King and Gertie Fisher, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt; Eileen Brann, Ballyeaston, Ballyclare, Co. Antrim; Percival Buckingham, The School, Knowstone, South Molton; Mary Mitchell and Nellie Turner, Kemberton School, Shifnal.

LETTER COMPETITION (A).

1. Doris Matthews, Ratcliffe-on-Wreake, near Leicester. 2. Margaret Black, Beechwood, Sandyhills, Shettleston. 3. David Cook, 184 Hamilton Road, Halfway, Cambuslang.

Honourable Mention.—Ella Henderson, Feather Hall, St. John's Road, Corstorphine; Marion Codd, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Ada Cole, 15 Pottery Road, Brenford; Ivy Brown, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Theresa Bower, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Ian Ireland, 18 Braid Crescent, Edinburgh.

QUEER VEGETABLES COMPETITION.

1. Kathleen Robinson, Dundonald Terrace, Stepps, near Glasgow. 2. Susan Snow, Glenroyd, Inverness Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea. 3. Violet Banks, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt.

Honourable Mention.—Nellie Saffrey, Queenie Phillot, and Muriel Stoye, Church Girls' School, Totnes; Alice Wills, 27 Aston Street, Oxford.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B).

1. Nellie Saffrey, Church Girls' School, Totnes.
2. George Brayne, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop. 3. Winnie Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts.

Honourable Mention.—Joseph Clay, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Clarence Dickson and Richard Bristow, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts; Ivy Brown and Madge Baylis, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

1. Mary Mooney, 43 Duke Street, Glasgow.
2. Violet Banks, St. Dominic's School, Dovercourt. 3. Doris Matthews, Ratcliffe-on-Wreake School, near Leicester.

Honourable Mention.—Lila Snoddy, 41 Circular Road, Larne; Edwin Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Gladys Garrett, 6 Hertford Street, Oxford; Robina Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow; William Stewart, 21 Brodie Street, Bainsford, Falkirk; Margaret Gulland, 60 Ratcliffe Terrace, Edinburgh.

LETTER COMPETITION (B).

1. Gladys Matthews, Ratcliffe-on-Wreake School, Leicester. 2. Ruth Lisbona, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. 3. Mary Gumbleton, Huntcliffe, Bexley, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—June Crossland, Edward Wood and Winnie Sexey, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Emily Rose, 139 Ashfield Road, Rochdale; Mary Stanford and Minnie Harrison, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; George Scott, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C).

1. Edwin Horn, Ivinghoe Aston School, Tring, Herts. 2. Mary Stanford, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. 3. E. Margaret Young, Ratcliffe-on-Wreake School, Leicester.

Honourable Mention.—Hilda M'Millan, Woodcroft, Stepps Road, near Glasgow; Mary Gray, 12 Poldrate, Haddington; John Roberts, The Eachway, Rednal, Birmingham; Johnston Patrick, 55 Livingston Street, Clydebank; Bertha Atchison, Kilgrain, Cloyfin, Coleraine; Zoe Stericker, Cobham, Surrey.

CHILDREN'S PAPER COMPETITION FORM.

April.

Name.....

Age last Birthday.....

Address.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



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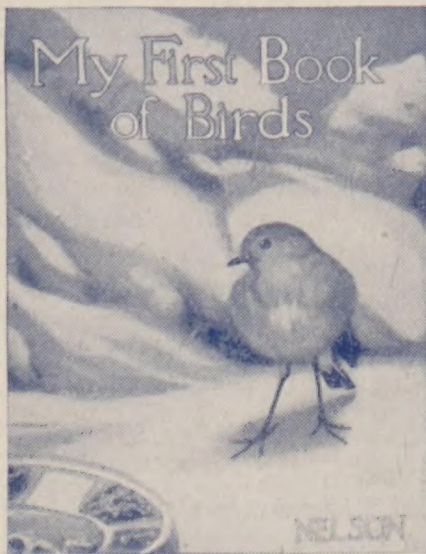
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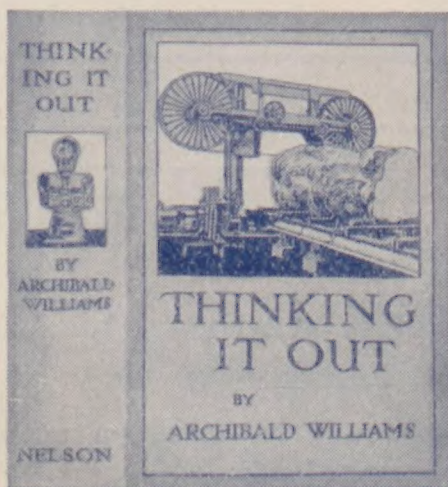
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